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ADVERTISING RATES.

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Poetry.

PAY THE PRINTER.

I had a dream the other night, A scene of awe and glory; It was not caused by fear or fright, It was not caused by fancy light, Nor is't a made-up story. I dreamt I was in spirit land, And saw the sons of men Walk in procession, great and grand, In numbers like the ocean sand, Ten thousand multiplied by ten. They came from cities far and wide, And went to show their rest; They came as comes the rolling tide, The saint and sinner side by side, Expecting to be blest. But Peter stopped them at the gate, As Sammer's stopped by Winter, And here he held to each his fate, He made him this in clearness state: If he had paid the printer. And those who had he led pass in, But thrust the others back, And gave each a warning grin, And smiled at those who thus could sin, And shook his head, alas! alack! And when I saw that doleful stand, As shut in freezing water. I said to them, with outstretched hand, In tones I thought superbly grand, "Why didn't you pay the printer?" "You thought to 'scape your Geeds, As thus you dodged your dues, But now you see such miser creeds Are bad as any such like dues, And give you but the blues! "For shame to thus prevent the march Of intellect and fame! Descend to Hades' darkened arch, And there be sulphured as with starch, For doing of the same!" And that is all, for there they wait, As in their sides a splinter, And I awoke from that dread state, To warn you folks before too late, To shun their sad and evil fate, And up and pay your printer!

Selected Story.

DEACON LEE.

Deacon Lee, who was a kindly, silent, faithful, gracious man, was one day waited upon by a restless, ambitious, worldly church member, who was laboring to create uneasiness in the church, and especially to drive away the minister. The deacon came in to meet his visitor, who, after the usual greetings, began to lament the low state of religion, and inquire as to the reason why there had been no revival for the last two or three years past. "Now, what do you think is the cause of things being dull here?" The deacon was not ready to give his opinion; and after a little thought frankly answered: "I don't know." "Do you think the church are alive to the work before them?" "No, I don't." "Do you think the minister fully realizes the solemnity of his work?" "No, I don't." A twinkling was seen in the eye of the troubler in Zion, and taking courage, he asked: "Do you think Mr. B. a very extraordinary man?" "No, I don't." "Do you think his sermons in their eyes are held anything wonderfully great?" "No, I don't." Making bold, after all this encouragement in monosyllables, he asked: "Then don't you think we had better dismiss this man and hire another?" The old deacon started as if shot with an arrow, and in a tone louder than his wonted: "No, I don't!" "Why," cried the amazed visitor, "you agree with me in all I have said, don't you?" "No, I don't." "You talk so little, sir," replied the questioner, not a little abashed, "that no one can find out what you do mean." "I talked enough once," replied the old man rising to his feet, for six praying Christians. Thirty years ago I got my heart humbled, and my tongue bridled; and ever since that I've walked softly before God. I then made vows solemn as eternity; and don't you tempt me to break them." The troubler was startled at the earnestness of the hitherto silent immovable man and asked: "What happened to you thirty years ago?"

"Well, sir, I'll tell you. I was drawn into a scheme just like this of yours, to uproot one of God's servants from the field in which he had planted him. In my blindness, I fancied it a little thing to remove one of the 'stars' which Jesus holds in his right hand, if thereby my ear could be tickled by more flowing words; and the pews filled with those who turned away from the simplicity of the Gospel. I and the men that led me—for I admit that I was a dupe and a fool—flattered ourselves that we were doing God's service when we drove that holy man from the pulpit and his work, and said we considered his work done in B—, where I then lived. We groaned because there was no revival, while we were gossiping about and criticising and crushing him, instead of upholding his hands by our efforts and our prayers, the very instrument at whose hand we harshly demanded the blessings. "Well, sir, he could not drag on the chariot of salvation with a half a dozen of us taunting him for his weakness, while we hung as a dead weight to the wheels; he had not the spirit, as we thought, and could not convert men; so we hunted him like a deer, till worn and bleeding, he fled into a covert to die. "Scarcely had he gone when God came in among us by His Spirit, to show that he had blessed the labors of his dear rejected servant. Our own hearts were broken, and our wayward children converted; and I resolved at a convenient season to visit my former pastor and confess my sin, and thank him for his faithfulness to my wayward sons, which like long buried seed had now sprung up. But God denied me that relief, that He might teach me a lesson that every child of His ought to learn—that He who toucheth one of his little ones toucheth the apple of His eye. "I heard my pastor was ill, and taking my oldest son with me, set out on a twenty-five mile ride to see him. It was evening when I arrived, and his wife, with the spirit which any woman ought to exhibit toward one who had so wronged her husband, denied me admittance to his chamber. She said (and her words were like arrows to my soul) —"He may be dying, and the sight of your face might add to his anguish." Had it come to this, I said to myself, that the man whose labors had, through Christ, brought me into His fold, who had consoled my spirit in a terrible bereavement, and who had, till designing men alienated us, been to me a brother—that this man could not die in peace with my face before him. "God pity me!" I cried; "what have I done?" I confessed my sins to that meek woman, and implored her for Christ's sake to let me kneel before His dying servant, and receive his forgiveness. "What did I care then whether the pews by the door were rented or not? I would gladly have taken his whole family to my home forever, as my flesh and blood; but no such happiness was in store for me. "As I entered the room of the blessed warrior, whose armor was falling from his limbs, he opened his languid eyes, and said: 'Brother Lee! Brother Lee!' I bent over him and sobbed out, 'My pastor! my pastor!' Then raising his white hand, he said, in a deep impressive voice: 'Touch not mine anointed, and do my prophets no harm.' "I spoke tenderly to him, and told him I had come to confess my sin, and bring some of his fruit to him (calling my son, to tell him how he had found Christ.) But he was unconscious of all around him; the sight of my face had brought the last pang of earth to his troubled spirit. I kissed his brow, and told him how dear he had been to me. I craved his pardon for my unfaithfulness, and promised him to care for his widow and his fatherless little ones; but his only reply, murmured as if in a troubled dream, was: 'Touch not mine anointed, and do my prophets no harm.' I stayed by him all night and at daybreak I closed his eyes. "I offered his widow a house to live in the remainder of her days,

but like a heroine, she said: 'I freely forgive you; but my children, who entered deeply into their father's anguish, shall never see me so regardless of his memory as to take anything from those who caused it. He had left us all with his covenant God, and He will care for us.' "Well, sir, those dying words sounded in my ears from that coffin, and from that grave. When I slept, Christ stood before my dream, saying 'Touch not mine anointed, do my prophets no harm.' These words followed me till I fully realized the esteem in which Christ holds those men who have given up all for his sake; and I vowed to love them evermore for his sake, even if they are not perfect. "And since that day, sir, I have talked less than before, and have supported my pastor, even if he is not a very extraordinary man. My tongue shall cleave to the roof of my mouth, and my right hand forget her cunning, before I dare to put asunder what God has joined together. When a minister's work is done in a place, I believe God will show it to him. I will not join you, sir, in the scheme that brought you here; and, moreover, if I hear another word of this from your lips, I shall ask the brethren to deal with you as one who causes divisions. "I would give all I own to recall what I did thirty years ago. "Stop where you are and pray God if perchance the thought of your heart may be forgiven you." This decided reply put an end to the newcomer's efforts to get a minister who could make more of a stir. There is often great power in the little word "no," but sometimes it requires not a little courage to speak it so resolutely as did the silent deacon.—Christian Messenger.

In conclusion, I venture to address a few sentences particularly to my brothers, the Lutherans. There is one thing we ought always to bear in mind, (and it is strange that we continually forget it, seeing that it is palpably historical) namely, that Lutheranism was developed from the bold denunciation which Luther published against indulgences. Oh, let us not impose upon the mildness of our Church, which has too much long-suffering to cast off. Let us not give way to worldly pleasures. Let us endeavor to abstain from Sabbath-breaking, from profanity, from play-going, from drunkenness, from dancing, from frivolity, and from everything that can be grouped with the works of the flesh; for if we yield to sin, because our Church is loth to condemn us, we force her to grant the very indulgences which Tetzel sold, and which Luther crushed against the old cathedral door. Let us strive to remove all obstacles, so that the strokes of his hammer against everything that is unscriptural, may, every succeeding year, ring louder and clearer along the century aisles of the Church down to the uttermost ages. God was with Lutheranism from its very commencement. The protection of the reformers from martyrdom was little short of miraculous. God continued with the succeeding confessors, and sustained them through thirty years of sieges and massacres; and, by the peace of Westphalia, established the right of religious opinion—a right which all denominations and sects enjoy at this day, and for which they are thankful. God continues with Lutheranism, for with an army of one million of Lutherans, under the leadership of a Lutheran monarch, he paralyzed Austria on the left, and prostrated France on the right—the enemies of Protestantism. Would we have God to be with us in the future? then "let us cleanse ourselves from all filthiness of the flesh and spirit, perfecting holiness in the fear of God."—2 Cor. vii. 1. JOHN ARNDT.

NEURALGIA IN WOMEN.—A physician of a London hospital writes to an English medical journal as follows: There is no recognized reason why of late years neuralgia of the face and scalp should have increased so much in the female sex, as compared with our own. There is no doubt that it is one of the most common of female maladies—one of the most painful and difficult of treatment. It is also a cause of much mental depression, and leads more often to habits of intemperance than any other. The growing prevalence of neuralgia may to some extent be referred to the effect of cold upon the terminal branches of the nerves distributed to the skin; and the reason why men are less subject to it than women may to a great extent be explained by the much greater protection afforded by the mode in which the former cover their heads when they are in open air. It may be observed that the surface of the head which is actually covered in man is at least three times that which fashion allows to women; indeed the points of contact between the hat or bonnet and the head in the latter are so irregular as practically to destroy any protection which might otherwise be afforded. Milwaukee papers give this society news: The lovely and accomplished Mrs. Crooked Bourbon was the admiration of all the indicted guests at the fancy ball last night. She wore 20,000 gallons of the finest point lace, sent by her husband when he fled to Europe and forfeited his bail bonds, and a set of diamonds valued at twenty-five gaugers and inspectors. One in every forty of the population of Durham county, England, has been convicted of drunkenness within a year. The safest and best remedies in the world are warmth, rest and abstinence—the brutes employ these. We know all about shooting stars but often forget that the earth is a revolver.

HOW WILD BEASTS ARE FED. "We are getting along quite well, and will be able to make a right nice showing when our Centennial visitors arrive. How much have we spent, did you say? Well, we have already expended over \$400,000." The conversation took place in a house known as the "Carnivora," and the parties Capt. Thompson and a reporter. "What's a lion like that worth?" said the reporter, pointing to the fine male specimen that was engaged growling at him. "Well," replied the captain, "I couldn't say. There is no standard of valuation for such animals. I've bought one for \$25, and have known them to sell for \$2,500 and \$3,000. You've got to buy them as best you can. There's no regular market value." "There's your old friend who held the Chesapeake," pointing to the latest acquisition in the leopard line. "He's just as cross as ever. He isn't fond of forming new acquaintances. This one here is a female of the Japanese species. She's a bad lot. She's the one that ate her three young ones last week." "Suppose you enlighten the public as to the feeding of these animals?" "Well, all carnivorous animals are fed six times a week. We count one day out of the seven—Thursday." "Why do you make them fast one day in the week?" "You see we try to follow nature. None of these animals in their wild state succeed in finding food every day. Then, again, we make the break in order to provide against exigencies that might arise. You see we get our supply of meat from a butchering firm that is under contract to supply us. Well, now, suppose they should fail us for a day or two, or the meat should come in frozen, then, as a matter of course, the animals could not be fed and their health would suffer. Which is the biggest eater? Why, the Bengal tiger.—He and the lion are the heaviest eaters. We are giving the tiger more than the lion. His allowance is sixteen pounds of meat per day.—How much does it take to serve all the carnivora? Well, let's see; one hundred and eighty pounds." Counting fifty-two weeks to the year and six days to the week, this would make the total amount of meat used \$6,160 pounds, which at six cents per pound, foots up a cost per annum of \$3,696.60 for food for the carnivora alone. "The hyenas you'd suppose to be big meat eaters, wouldn't you?" said Capt. T. We answered that such was our opinion. "Well, it isn't so," said the captain. "They eat very little meat. We give them plenty of bones, which they munch and crunch and grow fat on. See how sleek they look. All the animals require more or less bone food for the lime therein contained. "Now, the birds we feed regularly every day. All the seed eating birds have enough seed set before them each day to last them twenty-four hours. The monkeys we feed twice a day. For breakfast they get bread and milk, and for dinner they get vegetables, bread and milk. Then, you know, the visitors are continually feeding them." "Have they any special favorite in the vegetable line, captain?" "Oh, my, yes! They are extremely fond of sweet potatoes." "How about the snakes, captain?" "I can't say much about the snakes, as we hardly know when they do eat. We have to keep offering the food, and when it suits them they take it, and when it does not they let it alone. Sometimes they'll feed once in two or three weeks, sometimes every two or three months, and they have been known to do without for six months." "What's their bill of fare?" "We generally give them rats, guinea pigs, rabbits, pigeons, frogs, mice, and small birds. The rattlesnakes seem to prefer rats and small birds. The pigs and rabbits we give to the boss. All are given to

them alive. They wouldn't think of touching anything dead." "Where do you get your supply of rats and mice?" "Right here. Why, the grounds overrun with them. Why, sir, we've got some water rats over there," pointing to the beaver dam, "that come up and take the food right away from the beavers. The rhinoceros we feed on hay, bran, and potatoes. The bears we feed principally on bread. The sea lion and fish eating birds we feed on fish. We use about sixty pounds of fish per day. The eagles eat meat. In winter we commence feeding at three o'clock in the afternoon, and in summer an hour later." "How about the elephants, giraffes, camels, buffaloes, deer, etc.?" "The giraffes and elephants and camels and deer and all hay eating animals are fed twice a day on hay and grain. We give the giraffes carrots occasionally, to regulate their bowels." "Did you experience any trouble in moving that fellow?" said we pointing to the rhinoceros, who seemed proud of his new quarters. "No more trouble than is experienced at any time in moving a weight of 6,000 pounds," replied Capt. T. UNCOOKING.—Prof Olney uses the following apt illustration: I want to tell you a secret, teacher. You can't fill a bottle with the cork in. Let the fountain be ever so abundant, and the pump be plied with ever so much vigor and persistence, it is all in vain. Do you know what I mean? The philosopher puts it thus: "Curiosity is the parent of knowledge." Your first business is to awaken a desire to know. It is what a few years ago we used to hear lectured about so much, under the phrase, "waking up mind." A large part of the failure among Sabbath-school teachers comes from the neglect of this principle. They know something to teach—they actually say excellent things and do excellent things, but their pupils don't care a fig for the wares they are asked to buy. Now, friend, you may go on in this way till you teach your class to death. You may pour your stream of knowledge upon them till you drown them, or till they run away, and never get a drop of it into them, because their mouths are shut. A lady employed a young girl about fifteen years old to assist her about her house. One day she was making a cake, and, wishing to put some kind of plums in it, she set a dish down on the table with the plums and told the girl to stone them. To show her how, she took up a plum and took out the stone with the remark, "That is the way." Thinking the girl understood what she meant, she put the plum separated from the stone into her mouth instead of into the dish, and went away. What was her surprise, a short time after, to have the girl come into the room where she was, and tell her she had eaten all she could of the plums, thinking that the hard pieces—meaning the stones—would soften up when baked into a cake. POLITENESS AT HOME.—Children imitate naturally. They copy good manners as well as bad. If when mother's spool of cotton rolls from her lap, papa stoops to pick it up, bright-eyed Susie or Willie will be sure to see it and to do the same thing next time. And if mama says "Thank you" when the spool is given to her, their quick ears will hear it, and their tongues will slip it over again. If no notice is taken of kind acts, children will soon cease to perform them. An air loving thoughtfulness in the home is very contagious. The little brother will vie with the big ones in attention to their sisters, and the gentle sister imitating the mother, will curb the noisy rudeness of the brothers. Children who do not learn to be polite at home, show when they get out, and are often unconsciously but faithful tell-tales of their poor bringing up. ONE HUNDRED YEARS AGO. Some wise wag has summed up the changes that has taken place during a century, in this way: One hundred years ago wedding tours were not fashionable. One hundred years ago farmers did not cut their legs off with mowing machines. One hundred years ago our mothers did not worry over disordered sewing machines. One hundred years ago horses which could not trot a mile in 2:14 were somewhat scarce. One hundred years ago it took several days to procure a divorce and find a congenial spirit. One hundred years ago there were no disputes about the impoliteness of street car drivers. One hundred years ago every young man was not an applicant for a position as a clerk or bookkeeper. One hundred years ago kerosene lamps did not explode and assist women to shuffle off this mortal coil. One hundred years ago men did not commit suicide by going up in balloons and coming down without them. One hundred years ago there were no third term millionaire bishops to stir up the waters of partisan politics. One hundred years ago there were no Turkish harems at Salt Lake, and no Ann Elizabs suing for the nineteenth part of a divorce. One hundred years ago England was not very far behind the United States in all that goes to make a nation powerful and progressive. One hundred years ago the Dutch had taken Holland, but they had not made France "come down" with a handsome pile of "smart money." One hundred years ago a young woman did not lose cast by wetting her hands in dish water or rubbing the skin off her knuckles on a washboard. One hundred years ago a physician who could not draw every form of disease from the system by tapping a large vein in the arm was not much of a doctor. One hundred years ago men were not running about over the country with millions of fish eggs to be hatched to order. Fish superintended their own hatching in those days. One hundred years ago people did not worry about rapid transit and cheap transportation, but threw their grain crops across the backs of their horses, and uncomplainingly "went to the mill." One hundred years ago every man cut his coat according to his cloth, every man was estimated at his real value, shoddy was not known, nobody had struck "ile," and true merit and honest worth were the only ground for promotion. Two men I knew very well, some years ago on the streets of New York, talking about the matter of benevolence—one said to the other: "You gave too much. I will wait until I get a large pile of money, then I will give." "No," said the other, "I will give as God prospers me." Hear the sequel: The former lives in New York city to-day dollarless; the latter gathered two hundred and fifty thousand dollars. I believe that the reason why many people are kept poor is because they do not give enough. If a man gives in the right spirit to the Lord Jesus Christ and to the church, he is insured for time and eternity. The bank of England is a weak institution compared with the bank that any christian man can draw upon. That man who stands by Christ, Christ will stand by him. Mark that; the Man who stands by Christ will find Christ standing by him. A wilderness of uncertainty seems to environ the man who staggers over an orange peel, and catches himself on his heels five or six times before striking the pavement. A Reading (Pa.) girl has knit a pair of stockings of her own hair. Isn't that a pretty thin yarn? Be charitable.

HOW RICH MEN BEGIN LIFE. Marshall O. Roberts is possessor of \$4,000,000; and yet until he was 25, he did not have \$100 he could call his own. George Law, at 45 years of age, was a common day laborer on the docks, and at present counts his fortune at something like \$10,000,000. Daniel Drew, in his early life, was a cattle driver, at the munificent sum of seventy-five cents a day, and he has driven himself into an estate valued at from \$20,000,000, to \$30,000,000. Robert L. and Alexander Stuart, the sugar refiners, in their young days, sold molasses candy, which their widowed mother had made, at a cent a stick, and to-day they are worth probably \$5,000,000 to \$6,000,000 apiece. H. B. Clafin, the eminent dry goods merchant's worth is estimated from \$10,000,000 to \$15,000,000, commenced in the world with nothing but energy, determination, and hope, and see how magnificently he has invested them. Cornelius Vanderbilt commenced life with an old pigroge, running between Staten Island and New York City, carrying garden stuff to market. With two or three thousand dollars raised from that source, he entered into steadily increasing enterprise, until he amassed the enormous sum of \$50,000,000. A. T. Stewart first bought a few laces at auction and opened his way to success in a dingy little shop in Broadway, near the site of his wholesale establishment. Years of rigid honesty, shrewd management and wisdom in things, both great and small, have made him the monumental merchant of the nineteenth century. INTERNAL BEAUTY.—"Handsome is that handsome does," is an old adage with truth in it; as witness the boy who was riding down the hill on his sled last winter in the street, and ran into a lady's dress. Springing to his feet, he expressed his regret at the accident; when the lady kindly remarked, "my boy, no great harm done, my boy; you feel worse about it than I do." "But your dress is ruined," said the lad—"I thought you would be very angry." "Better have a spoiled dress than a ruffled temper," the lady replied; and as she passed on the boy exclaimed to his companions,—"Isn't she a beauty?" "Call her a beauty," said one of them; "she's more than forty and got wrinkles!" "I don't care for that," retorted the lad; "her soul is handsome, anyhow." According to Hassel, the numerical value of the various important religions of the world may be estimated thus: Christians of all denominations, 120,000,000; Jews, nearly 4,000,000; Mohammedans, 552,000,000; followers of the Brahman religion, 111,000,000; Buddhists, 315,000,000. A Presbyterian minister, while marrying a couple of his rustic parishioners, felt exceedingly disconcerted on his asking the bridegroom if he were willing to take the woman for his wedded wife, by his scratching his head and saying, "Ah, I'm willing, but I'd rather have her sister." A father in Bradford Pa., ninety years of age, boxed his son's ears severely for abusing his wife. The boy is about sixty years of age. There are six hundred and ninety-four cotton mills in the Northern States and one hundred and eighty-one in the Southern States. The keel of a new tugboat which was recently laid in San Francisco, was composed of one stick of timber 140 feet long. It is said that not a single member of the Minnesota Legislature was born in that State. The man that lives the longest is he who does the most good. Be charitable.